

Do You Want to Know How I Got These Scars ?

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Summary: Simple short describing my theory on how joker got his scars, but it is probably off by a long shot.

Do You Want to Know How I Got These Scars ?

Do you want to know how I got these scars?

Once open a forgotten city, there lived a drunk beat dad. "Cough, cough" "sniffle." That poor man lived his entire life in a crampy trailer house with a crappy family. The mom of the house always thought that I would turn out to be my father, nor I couldn't take that as a complement. I would spend my days behind the school ground with my, "cough", /clears through/. Fellow few friends that I had back in the day. Richey and Cam. We were what you call the jokesters of the school/ licks lips/. And my family didn't like that. I felt like a still wall as time passed through the years like seconds to me. I had a routine. In the morning I would sneak out to the yard to head to school, well before by father would wake up and trash the trashed place we had in anger. I get to school around 3 hours before/ licks lips/, my friends and I would usually what you say hang around. Then I would get home. Some nights I would sleep alone in the woods, or some nights I will sleep in the house, depending on my father's anger or if he was out getting wasted for tomorrow. But one night my father decided to stay awake for a while, as he was drunk on 13 bottles of booze. He waited to see my shining face when I woke up. He was around two inches from my face. His three friends in leather jackets were standing there smiling. My father aggressively picked me/ licks lips/ up by my shirt. "Smile boy." Quoted my father before he teared out a knife he slit my cheeks like butter. I couldn't feel any nerve in my body except for the gaping slit across my face. I didn't show any pain. I quickly swiped the knife from my father, surprise to his face I slit his through. As well as those three men who I didn't recognise. I dragged there body's to the river down in the forest. While my mother was still asleep. "I couldn't go back to the trailer looking like this." I quickly exclaimed to myself. Then my bad side replied out loud, "JUTS TAKE THE OTHER BODYS!" my good

side replied "NO! THEY STAY IN THE WATER!" At that moment I realised, my voices in my head are taking over my body, then, at that very day my split personality started. I couldn't go back looking like this. So I ran deep in the woods and stayed there for 10 days until my scars started to heal, "cough". I had a stealing reputation. I went to the city and stole myself wood, food and a T.V. I made myself a small shelter thinking that I would stay out of peoples way. On the tenth and last day that I stayed there I was watching the news on the T.V. There were four body's found floated up onto shore one was my dad, the other three were those men. I stared at the T.V with honorable pleasure and a great big smile. Like I was meant "cough" to do this. So sometimes I would sneak into town and get into some trouble, the next month I looked back. I have killed 23 innocent people with the same pleasure that is now slowly losing its purpose. "OH GOD!" I say to myself. "Come on, you liked it." It was at this moment I would never hear from my good side ever again. "cough", I wanted to keep having this feeling for purpose weather good or bad. I had to have a name, a symbol. I took it right from my school.

I was now known as. The Joker! "sniffle".

The End

This was my draft but I am posting it anyway. Let me know what you think, thanks.

End
file.